NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. HOWELLS'S NEW STORY. THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY. By W. D. HOWELLS 12mo., pp. 419. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Howells has given us a remarkable novel. It belongs to a higher class of fiction than his earlier stories. The trtistic purpose is more ambitious, the analysis of character is more searching, the exploration of mental processes and influences is more ingenious and more brilliant, and in clearness, beauty and symmetry the work is a model. The subject has been used by many novelists before, but it is new as Mr. Howells treats it, and we lay down the book feeling that here is an American novel of the most piquant originality, whose scenes-familiar enough but never so vividly described-are peopled with types so real that we all seem to know them, and yet so fresh that we study them with a pleased surprise. Nor in tracing the intracacies of psychological action has Mr. Howells lorgotten his gifts of neute observation, immitable grace and propriety of expression, and gentle humor, which charmed us years ago in his "Venetian Life," and have grown more and more dear to us in his successive volumes.

The theme of "The Undiscovered Country" is Spiritualism, and the story is placed partly in Boston, but chiefly in a Shaker community at "Vardley" in Massachusetts, which the render is at lib-erty to identify with either one of two neighboring villages, Shirley or Harvard. Dr. Boynton is an enthusiastic believer in ghosfly rappings and the materialization of disembedied spirits. He regards his daughter, Egeria, as a medium of extraordinary powers, and has trained her from infancy to submit to his mesmerie passes and take part in his experiments. But it is all a delusion. Dr. Boynton is thrown into association with professional charla-tans, who swindle him as well as the public. Egeria, hating and dreading the whole business, has no powers whatever as a medium; she is merely the passive instrument of her father's will. Failing in certain public undertakings in Boston Dr. Boynton and his daughter set out for their old home in Maine; they go astray at a railway junction; they are left with-out money at a little country station; they walk far through snow and rain; and find shelter with the Shakers at Vardley, just as Egeria has lost coasciousness in the first stages of a violent fever. The character of the good old doctor is a masterpiece. He is a bustling, buoyant man, with a fair complexon, a bright and eager eye, thin light hair, wavy and lustreless, a mouth of delicacy and refinement, and a smile of infantine sweetness. A fantastic theorist, "in many things he was grotesquely ignorant: he was a man of very small literature, and he bad the limitations of a country-bred person in his conceptions of the world; but his mind, in the speculations on which it habitually dwelt, had a vast and bold sweep, and his theories sprang up fully formed under his breath, like those plants which the Japanese conjurer fans to flower in the moment after he has put the seed in the ground." He lodged, in Boston, in a street of fortune-tellers, believing that "the element, the atmosphere of sim-ple unquestioning faith" brought into the neighborhood by the dupes of these people, was in some way of the highest use to him in the attempt to develop Egeria's powers and establish more satisfactory intercourse with the other world. He had a theory that sleight-of-hand tricks might be employed to lead up to genuine manifestations of spir-

the control of the co builds up one fancy after another, and when the last bas fallen to pieces, and left him convinced that the belief in which he has wasted a life is foolish-

ness after all, and there is nothing to cling to except faith in God, he calmly dies.

Egeria, "the modern pythoness," if a less strik ing character than her father, is not less winning She is presented to us first as "a tall young girl in a somewhat theatrical robe of white serge, with a pale green scarf on her shoulders. Her beautiful serious face had a pallid quiet, broken by what seemed the unnatural alertness of her blue eyes. which glanced quickly like those of a child too early obliged to suspect and avert; her blonde bair, which had a plastic massiveness, was drawn smooth back from her temples, and lay heaped in a heavy coil on her neck." She was naturally of a gay and sunny temperament, and fond of simple carthly pleasures. Loving her father intensely, she was trained almost from birth to obey his slightest wish and to think that whatever said was right. But she shrank painfully from the rôle which be imposed upon her; and nothing could be finer than the contrast Mr. Howells paints, with a few quick, firm touches, between her natural impulses and her forced employment. "Well, we have a right to our life here", she exclaims, in a moment of revolt. "Let the other world keep to itself." " Are you sure," she asks her father, at another time, -- " are you sure that it will all come out as you think? Are you sure that we are taking the right way? We have been trying now a long while, and I can't see that we've accomplished anything. Perhaps I'm not a medium, but only a dreamer, and dream what you tell me. I'm afraid sometimes it isn't right. What if there should be nothing in it all ?"

". How no hing in it? "'What if you were deceiving yourself? I can't tell bow much my wanting to please you makes me

-oh, I'm afraid-I'm afraid it's all wrong "'. But the doctor forces her to persevere, lamenting that she has not yet exchanged the " petty persons conscience" which troubles her with scruples, for the "race conscience" which gives bim perfect freedom to think and to act-even to cheat a little for the sake of the ultimate good.

When Egeria began to recover from the fever ander the kind care of the Shakers, her long-suppressed delight in the beauties of nature broke out:
The watchers with her in these carly days of her convalescence always found her awake at dawn, when the robias and orioles and sparrows were weaving that fabric of song which seems to rise everywhere from the earth to the low-hovering he iven.

"It's like the singlin of spirits, ain't it!" said one of the sisters who saw the transport with which she cliently listened, her large eyes wide and her line open.

"No!" cried the girl, almost fercely. "It's like the singing of the birds at home."

"Secund as if she hared the spirits, as you might say," this Shakeress commented to the office sisters. It was the first time that any of them has heard Exerns mention her former home, for even in the fever her ravings bird been of experiences in Boston unintelligible pressed delight in the beauties of nature broke out:

to them. But they had all noted the passion with which, when her recovery began, she turned to the natural world. She asked for the wildflowers, and day by day demanded if it were not vet time for the anemous, the columbines, the dog-tool violets. If the Spring largered, or at times turned backward, nothing could rouse her from the dejection into which she fell, till the sun began to shine and the birds began to sing again. It was feit in the family to be foolish, or worse, but some of the Shakers could come home through field or wood without staying to pinck some token of the season's advance for the sick girl, who was longing so resilessly to go out and find the Summer for herself. Her bed was decked with boughs of wilding bloom; on the shelves and window-sills the sylvan and campestral flowers save their delicate colors and faint fragrances in whatever prim jug or sober vase the community could spare from its service. Something, surely, must be wrong about all this ministering to a love that might be said to saver of cartily vanifies, but the most anxious of the nun-like sisters could not determine upon the sin; and while they wondered in just what sort they should deal with the clusive evil, a visiting brother from another community arrived to pronounce it no evil, but an instinct, wholesome as the harmless things themselves. Upon this, one of them brought and laid at Egeria's bedside a rug while has had worked with the nattern of a grapevine, and which for five years she had kept fearfully hidden away in her closet, from compunction for its incress to a graven image.

Egera flest went out on the 20th of May, that signal date when the Spring, whatever her previous reluctances, brings up all arrears with the apple-blossoms. The season is then no longer late or early, but is the consummant Spring; and all weather-wise hopes and fers are lost in the richness with which she keeps the promise of her name. It might well have seemed to the girl's impalience as she watched the orchard trees, some times from her clo

Dr. Boynton was right in one thing. Ford did exert an "antagonistic influence" which gradually neutralized Egeria's imaginary "psychic power"; but the influence was something very different from the poor old philosopher's misty dectrine of opposing spheres. Egeria herself did not comprehend the real nature of the tie that was drawing her toward this man, whose life by a series of accidents had become strangely mixed up with her's and her father's. She half-believed, half-feared, that he did exert a mysterious control over her will, as the doctor complained; and she drew back in affright, just as she drew back from the spirits. The conflict between unconscious love and uncertain fear is charmingly indicated in Mr. Howells's poetical pages. Egeria and Ford have been watching the sunset:

been watching the sunset:

"The curtain is now down," said Ford.
She started to her feet, and looked around. "Why, the sain has set!"

"Dian't you know that !" he asked.
"No," she said, sadly. "It seemed as if it would isst longer. But nothing lasts."
"No, nothing lasts," he repeated. "But generally things last long enough. I could have stood another hour or two of sunset, however. And sometimes I've known days that I would have been willing to have last forever, if I could have had out my etermty in this world." world."
"Is that—is that the way you feel, too t" she asked, turning swiftly upon him that strange searching

since.
"Why, not always. What is the matter t"
"Nothing-nothing. Let us go down." She took lifs hand, and cluing to it in describing as if eager to escape to him from some fear of him.

The doctor died without seeing his droll mistake, and it was only after sorrow and separation and misunderstanding that Ford, returning to the Shaker community, where Egeria was again a guest.

"No," she said, and still shrunk away as if he might be able to force the truth from her.

"Then, what is if f Eurely you won't leave me in this perfectly! If there is anything that I can do or undo."

"I can't go now," said the young mon. "I won" go
till you have told me what you mean. You must tell
me."
She cast a strange clanee at him. "If you make me
tell you that would show that it was true; and he was
right when he used to say—I don't want to believe it!
Go, and let me try to think that you came here by
chance, and that you staved for his sake. Indeed, indeed, I can get to thinking again that you never tried to
influence me in that way!"
"In what way!" ke asked, but now a gleam of light,
light enough, began to steal upon his confluence. Her
alternate esgerness and reluctance to be with him; her
hocken que stons, the gestures, the looks, the tones, that
had crossed with mystery the happiness he had known
with her in the last weeks before her father's death,
and made it at its sweetest fearful and insecure, recurred to him with new meaning, and a profound compassien qualified his despair, and made him gentle an I
patient. "Is it possible," he asked, "that you mear
that old delusion of your father's about me ! And could
you believe that I would try to control you against your
will—to use some unnatural power over you! A h!" he
cried, "I couldn't take even your forgiveness now; for
you might think that I had extorted it!" He hooked
sadly at her, but she did not speak, and he had a struggle
to keep his pity of her from turning to exceration of
the unhappy man whose error could thus rise from his
grave to cloud her sou; but he ruled him elf—not without an ominous remembrance of his former attempts to
separate ber cause from her father's—and brokenly continued: "Well, I nave deserved that, too. But I know
that before he died your father came to a clearer mind
about those thungs, and I believe that now, wherever he
is, nothing could greve him more than to know that he
had left you in that hideous superantion." He looked
with grave tenderness at her hidden face. "How could
you thick"—and now his tone expressed his wounded
self-respect as well as his sorrow for her—" that I
could be so false to both of

"I didn't always think," she whispered. "I-I was a fraid"—

"But what made you afraid that such a thing could be I I am a brute—I know that; I gave you early proof of that—but I hoped there was nothing covert in me."

"You said once that people influenced others without knowing It; and once—that night when we came from the woods—you said II was a spell that made me loss the way, and wouldn't let me biame you."

you."—
"And you really had those black doubts of me in your heart! I thought you were suffering me here because you were good and merciful, and you were always watching me to find out whiether I was not using some

watching no to non on."

"No, no! Not always," she protested, lifting her face.
"Did I say that!"
"No, you d'do't say it! Well, you had the right to hur me in any way you could; and I give you the satisfaction of knowing that nothing could burt me work."

faction of knowing that nothing could nurt me worse than this.

"On, I didn't mean to wound you! Don't think that! And I forgave you; yes, I did forgive you! I never hated you—not even that morning there by the fountain when I though! you had burt him. And when you said fought, it made me wonder if what he used to say—And then I couldn't get it out or my infind! But I never meant to tell you by a single word or look, if it killed me."

meant to tell you by a stage word or look, if it killed me."

"I believe you. It was something not to be spoken. I think now I can go without your pardon. It seems to me that we are quits."

Once more he turned to go, but she implored, all her face red with generous remores, "Oh, not till you've largiven me! I never thought how it would seem to you. Indeed I never aid!"

He smited radly. "Forgive you! Oh, that's easy. But even if it were very hard, I could do it. I can see how it has been with you from the first, and how, with what you had been taught to think of me by your father,—I don't blame ham for it; he was as help ess as you were,—you priver, ed my careless words and gave them

can I do, or say, to leave you with beiter thoughts of me!"

"I could see that you were kind and cood even when I was the most afraid," she murmured. "But after the way we had begun together, and all that you had done to us,—and said to him,—sumetimes I couldn't understand why you were here, or why you stayed, and then"—

stand why you were here, or way you singed, and then"—
"I don't wonder! I hadn't given you cause to expect any good of me; and if I were to tell you why I stayed, as I once hoped I might, I couldn't made. It appear an unselfish reason. Oh, my dearest!" he cried, "I loved you so that I couldn't have taken your love itself against your will! Ever since I first saw you, and all the time that I had lost you, my whole life was for you; and when I found you again how could I help staying till you drove me from you? Good-by, and if any thought of yours has injured me, let me set it against my telling you this now." She had slowly averted her face; she did not shrink from him, but she did not return his good-by, and be waited in vain for her to speak. Then, "Shail I so I" he asked in foolish anti-climax."

Then, "Shail I go!" he asked in foolish anti-cilimax.

"No"—
The blood rioted in his heart. "And do you still believe that of me!"
"I believe—what you say," she whispered.
"Hat why do you believe me! Do! make you do!!!"
"I don't know-yes, something makes nie."
"Against your will!"
"Do you think it is a spell, now!"
"I don't know."
"And are you afraid of it!"
"No—"
"What is it, Egeria!" he cried, and in the beseeching look which she lifted to his, their eves tenderly met.
"Oh, my durling! Was this the spell"—
The rapture choked him; he caught her hand and drew her toward him.
But at this bold action Sister Frances, who had not caused to watch them, threw her apron over her head.
The action of Sister Frances was characteristic of

The action of Sister Frances was characteristic of the story is slight, but she brightens every scene in which she appears. It is she who devises an inno-cent little stratagem to send word to Ford, in Bos-

her that Ford goes for counsel when he is in doubt whether he may dare express himself to Egeria.

"Well" (said Frances), "she's back with us again. But it's only till she can find something for herself in the world outside. I suppose it's natural for her to want to be like folks. That's the way I look at it."

Ford's heart throbbed. "Do you think I'm like folks, Frances!"

"Not much," replied Frances.
"Do you think I could be, — for her sake t"

A flash of Joy, succeeded by a red blush, went over the pale face of the Shakeress. "You'd ought n't to talk to mo of such things, Edward. You know it am't right."

"I know—I know," pleaded the young man. "I

her that Ford goes for counsel when he is in doubt

"I know—I know," pleaded the young man. "I know it's all wrone. But—but I knew you knew about II, and I thought—I thought," by her apple-tree! "cried Frances, with hysterical abruptness. "Don't you say another word to me!" But after Ford left the room, she ran to the door, and watched him going up the orchard asie.

It was the Shakers who first discovered that Ford and Egeria were "getting foolish" about each other, and there was a contral contest between their simple kindliness toward the young people and that sense of duty which they owed toward their celibate community. "I don't know what we should do with our young folks if they got married nere," said one of the sisterhood. "I don't suppose we should have one of 'em left by Spring." Frances of course was the champion of the lovers. The fol-lowing extract from the discussion over the case will illustrate the admirable skill of Mr. Howells in copying the quaint phraseology of the Vardley communists, without a touch of exaggeration or of

Humphrey rose, with his face twisted by an expression as of severe boddly pain. He moved bis arms haplessiy about and took off and then put on his spectrales. He tried in vain to smile. "I'd know," he said, "as I'm a very good hand at speakin' to folks. I don't seem to have any command o' language. I should think myself, it was for the elders, some on 'em, to speak."

command o' language. I should think myself, it was for the elders, some on 'em, to speak."

"You have transacted all the business with the young man," said Elden. "You have bad frequent interviews with him, and you go a good deal into the world on business. We thought, perhaps, that you would best know how to approach him."

"I sin't one to get acquainted casy," replied Humphrey, "and I never felt no ways at home with Friend Ford. He seems to be of a kind of offish disposition." He sat down again, and hanging has head becan to tit the chair in front of him on its hind legs. "I shouldn't want to intrude no ways into the province of the elders. I don't seem to feel that it's so much of a business question as what it is a question of family discipline."

"You may be right," a finited Eithis.

"If I could see it as not duty, I shouldn't be one to shirk it. But it's like this." He panied on successfully for a comparison, and then added, "It's a question of family discipline."

"We should only have recourse to the ministers in extreme cases," said Ellin. "Besides, you thought just now it was for the elders to speak."

"Well, the elders or the ministers," returned Humphrey without looking up.

Ellin compassionated his futility with a moment's silence. Then he sighed slightly, and said, "I agree with you, Humphrey. But I thought that I ought to yield to you. I did not want to have the appearance of forth-putting in such a case, and I certainly don't covet the task of speaking to Friend Ford. He appears to me a person subject to sudden gusts of anger, and there is no teling how he may take the interference."

"That is so," admitted one of the sisters.

"There ain't no question about forth-puttin', Eithu,"

anger, and there is no telling how he may take the interference."

"That is so," admitted one of the sisters.

"There ain't no question about forth-puttin', Eishu," said Hamphrey, with the cordinaity of a great relief.

"Every one'd know you didn't seek such a duty. But Frient Ford'll take it all right; you'll see. Ho'll look at it in the same light you do."

Eithu rose, and took his hat nod stick. "I shall probably flad him in his room now, I suppose."

Humphrey stood as much agisat as it was in his power to do. "Was you-you wa'n't goin' to speak to him right away!"

"Yes. Why should I put it off! He cannot take it any better to-morrow or next week than he would to night. And the trouble wouldn't grow less if we waited till boomsday." Eithu went out; the closing of the hall door upon him was like an earthquake to those withon.

"I declare for it," said Laban, "I most feel like goin'

within.

"I declare for it," said Laban, "I 'most feel like gom' along down to Friend Ford's and waitin' outside,"

"Well," observed telecca, slighting the bold proposition, "Elliu never seas one to be afraid."

"That is so Rebecca," said Diautia.

Humphrey said nothing. The accumulation and compleation of evils brought upon the family by the Boyntons had long passed his control.

There are some unimportant characters who pas pow and then across the stage, and are forgotten in the finale, but they are marvels of vivid persons tion. Such is Mrs. Perham, the gossip of Ford's poarding-house. Such is kind-hearted and vulgar little Mr. Hatch. Such is Mr. Eccles, a contentious spiritualist, who is endeavoring to master the olice-system (so to speak) of the spirit-world, with a view to determine whether something can not be done to protect us against the assumption by inferior spirits of the identity of the better class of essences"; for, as Mr. Hatch remarks, if the spirits an only knock chairs over and throw things about, 'a man might as well go to a Democratic wardmeeting when he dies." Eccles has a theory that sourness of the stomach is "the material response to some spiritual ferment which we are at present powerless to escape. I am satisfied that the large

don't know if I can tell. Something as if I bed in such places—as if they missed me when in such places—as if they missed me when I away—I don't know. It was something very — She stopped.

"Don't grieve the woodland by hurrying through it, then," sand Ford, with a playfulness which, now that he included it, seemed natural to bim.

They went on in the direction they had first taken. She waiked at his sule, and when his pace fell to a slow saunter she did not aftempt to hasten it. A red squirre took shape and motion out of the russel needles, and paced up one of the pines, whose featherly tops he bent in his long leaps from tree to tree; a particles saidenly whirred up from the path before them; the life was like shadow, the shadow was like life, as the twilight thickened round them.

" GEORGE ELIOT."

A SKETCH BY ROBERT E. FRANCILLON. TOW MARY ANNE EVANS BEGAN TO WRITE-THE SURROUNDINGS OF HER YOUTH,

Those persons whose memories of their own time reach back for just twenty-one years, can recall a romance of authorship meaqualled since the publication of "Waverty," Britianity successful novels are certainly not nacommon things. But a work of fiction which, even under the most favorable circumstances, takes the whole reading world by storm, and, as a great event of its year, makes eager readers of the yet greater non-reading world, is a literary triumph that not every generation is allowed to see.

stances, takes the whole reading world, is a literary trumph that not every generation is allowed to see.

Who was the author of "Adam Bede!" The question bade fair to be as popular a mystery as the name of the author of "Waverly," George Eliot was certamly a man's name, and many readers, finding no trace in its style of that undefinable quality which disdinguishes the authoress from the author as surely as her voice distinguishes the woman from the man, maintained that things were as they seemed. But from the very beginning others were either keener sighted, or fonder of paradox, or in one way or anotherbetter informed. Messrs, Blackwood had received the manuscript of "Seenes of Clerical Life" from the band of George Henry Lewes under the belief that "George Eliot" was the name of a man, as well as a man's name; nor did even a critic so experienced and almost unerring as the late John Blackwood see through the disguise. Lewes himself seems to bave held with Archbishop Whateley that any direct inquiry into the authorship of a book published anonymously or under a fielthous name, is a flagrant impertunence, which ought, on principle, to be answered with a denial of knowledge, whether the denial be false or trac. When The Leader was being projected at the house of W. E. Forster, (the Secretary for Ireland), at Rawdon, ingar Leeds, Lewes and Thornton Hunt were both present; and we are informed by one of the company that the former affected ignorance of even so much as the sex of the author of "Adam Been," which had just appeared.

But there is another anecdote which comes to us on equally direct authority, and is much better worth recording in so far as it proves the genius of George Eliot to be personal and natural—part of hereif and of her iffe, and not the result, as is sometimes argued and believed, of laborious culture and of after intercourse with other minds. A school-fellow of hers, still living, who had as little direct knowledge about the literary question of the day as the rest of the world, never fell

majority of our indigration, sir, comes from the existing imperfections of the mediumzation,."

"Some philosophera attribute it to pic," said Ford, neutrally of the state of the properties of the properties of the mediumzation,."

"That is a very superficial way of looking at lif," "That is a very superficial way of looking at lif, "That is a very superficial way of looking at lift, "That is a very superficial way of looking at lift, "That is a very superficial way of looking at lift, and the state of the looking at lift, and the lift, pic works and a shallow man, with "no business of his own," and a general manis for brica-brac.

Mr. Philips's father had been in business on that observation of the looking of the lift, pic works and so lift, which is the looking of the lift, pic works and so lift, which is the looking of the looking of the lift, pic works and found that he willing lift show-keeping, but without health of the looking lift show-keeping, but without health of lift, pic works and looking lift show-keeping, but without health of lift, pic works and looking lift shows the lift, pic works and looking lift shows the lift, pic works and looking lift shows the lift, pic works and looking lift show looking lift is been careful to reason. He look looking lift shows the lift of lift, which is stated to lift, and the looking lift show looking lift is lift, and lift, and

with the student of advanced German theology.

Has it ever been noticed, by the way, how, while poetry, painting of and music belong to youth, the art of fiction seems naturally to belong to middle and even to old age? Till Thackeray was nearer forty than thirty, his name was practically unknown. "Waverly" did not appear till Scott was forty-three. Richardson did not become an author till he was fifty-one. Defoe did not write his first novel till he was fifty-eight years old. "Gil Blas" was not finished till its author was sixty-seven. George Ehot was no exception to the rule; and, like the lioness in the fable, her works have been few, and their production slow—she has written but seven novels during her career of twenty-one years. In 1860 appeared "The Mill on the Floss," wherein depth of tragedy is equalled by an entirely original humor which compels the most hopelessly coarse and common men and women to become great studies of human nature in spite of themselves. People who waste their wits in making comparisons disputed over the comparative merits of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," on the whole, perhaps, the general verdict goes for the former. "Silas Marner" is the crown and pinnacle of her "first period"—to use a common, and useful, critical whose, For "Romola" belongs to a distinctly new departure. It was not likely to prove successful—a judgment which must have been arrived at unwillingly, and on very strong critical grounds, and which the popular estimation in which it is held as justified. mame, it was not likely to prove successful—a judgment which must have been arrived at unwillingly, and on very strong critical grounds, and which the popular estimation in which it is held as justified, on the whole, though some, who are by no means the worst judges of great work, put "Romoin" first among George Eliot's novels. But it is not known and loved as "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner" are, and is a favorite among ner most critical rather than among her warmest and heartiest admirers. It reads as if thought out rather than felt out, and is full of self-conscious purpose—it belongs to its author's "second period," in which George Eliot the portrait painter of natural life becomes more or less subordinate to George Eliot the learner and teacher. After "Felix Holt" five years possed without a new novel—that is to say, till the production of "Middlemarch" in eight parts during the years 1871-72. This narvellous contribution to the comedia humaine, this compressed library of human nature, belongs to what we have called her second period, but is painted upon her earliest and most congenial background and reproduces all that is best in her first manner, as a Summer afternoon is a continuation and fulfillment of its morning.

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Another four years passed before the publication of "Daniel Deronda"—a work belonging entirely to that second period which commenced with "Romola." "Financial success—literary failure," was the curf judgment passed upon it at the time by some who thought it sound criticism to condemn." Daniel Deronda" because it was not "Adam Bede." We believe, however, that as time goes on the reputation of "Daniel Deronda" will be found to grow, though it would require a long and special criticism to say why. Many have already accepted Gwendelen Harleth as well-nigh supreme among George Eliof's studies of the war between the lives and the souls of women. But no doubt the noyelist thought, after her manner, much more of her book than of her readers. Mordecai, the Jew, went over their heads, and Gwendolen was just as hard to understand as real men and women are.

So far as the outer world is concerned, this record of her work is that of her life also. Her method of workmanship is very much what might be expected. The long years which divide her books from one another have been spent in claborate and exhaustive planning and thicking, and, if needful, in collection of all material for them that could possibly be available. When she works it is at a kind of slow heat—a day's work represents but a minimum of "copy," and every word is thought over. She feels the strain in body and mind, to the point of physical pain, and of the need for complete repose when a work is out of her hands, Genius, with her, means victory; but only after battle.

She has never been one of the common tions of literary society. From George Henry Lewes she had, while he lived, the constant aid and counsel of one of the most brilliant critics and men of letters one of the most brilliant crities and men of letters of our time, though some may doubt how far her association with him was beneficial to the special nature of her genius. We can trace the growth of its intellectual effect till its culmination in many portions of "Daniel Deronda," Private and domestic topics are not within the scope of a critical biography. But the Sunday afternoons at the house of George Ehot in St. John's Wood have become a part of the literary history of London, which must needs be mentioned in connection with her position in the world of letters.

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